Scales of Sugar & Gold

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/33664753.

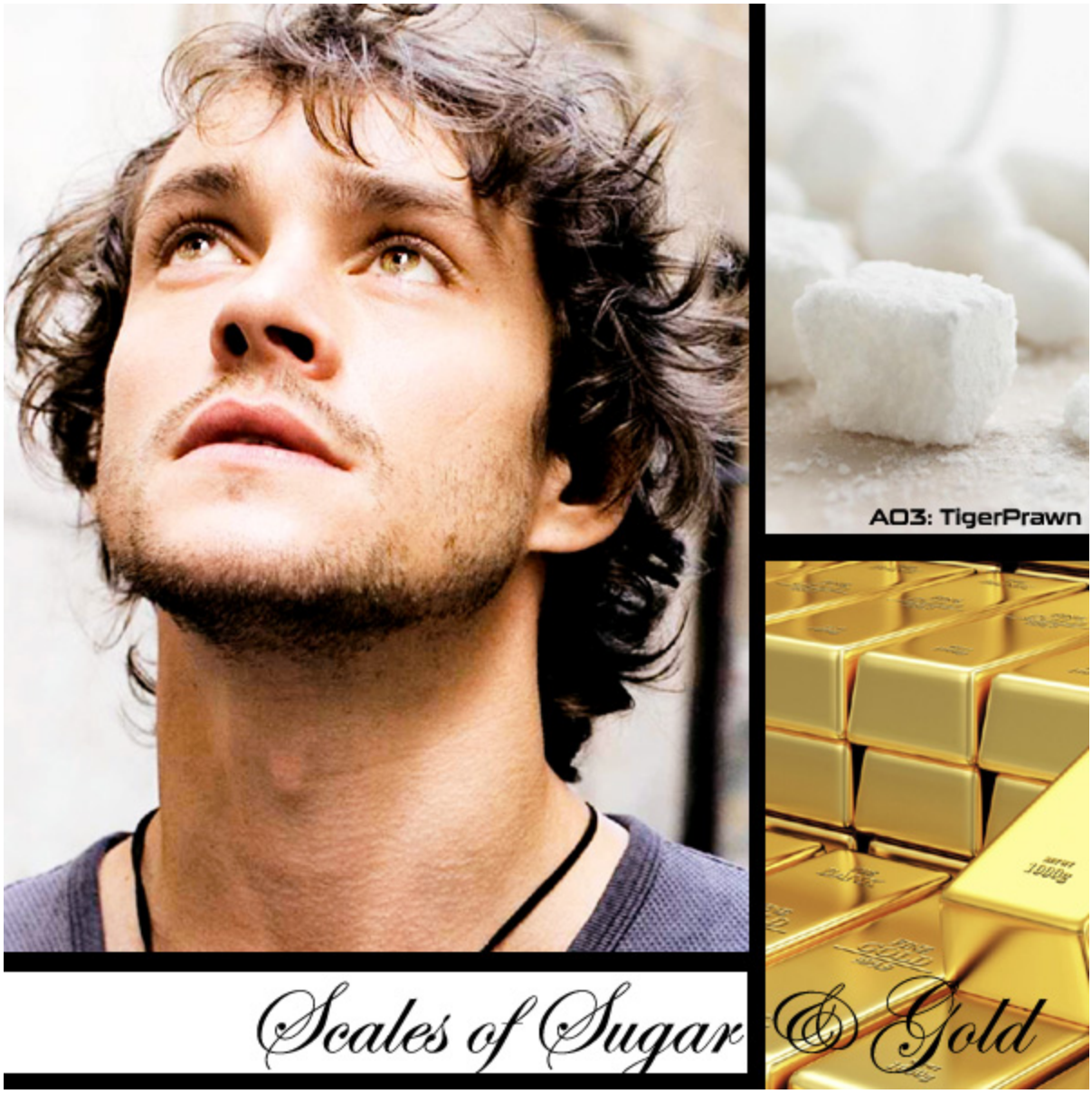
Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Blood and Chocolate (2007), James Bond (Craig Movies), Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationship:	Aiden (Blood and Chocolate)/Le Chiffre (James Bond)
Characters:	Aiden (Blood and Chocolate), Le Chiffre (James Bond)
Additional Tags:	PaintByNumbers, Hannibal Extended Universe, struggling artist Aiden, International Financier Le Chiffre, Sugar Daddy, sugar daddy le chiffre, confessed gold digger Aiden, Established Relationship, Developing Relationship, Butt Plugs, Office Sex, Desk Sex, Coming Untouched, Love Confessions, Prompt Fill, Podfic Welcome, do not copy to another site
Language:	English
Series:	Part 124 of Tiger's Mads x Hugh Rare Pair fics
Stats:	Published: 2021-09-03 Words: 2,381 Chapters: 1/1

Scales of Sugar & Gold

by TigerPrawn

Summary

A sugar daddy and a gold digger might just be a perfect match.



“I’m waiting for your answer,” Jean prompted, his usual cool humour and a slight grin as his grip tightened on the back of Aiden’s shirt, and he relaxed back in his luxurious office chair.

“What’s it worth?” Aiden teased, his lips hovering just over Jean’s as he straddled the man.

“If I put a pound of sugar on the scales and a pound of gold on the other side, would they not balance out to be the same?”

“You’re so good at avoiding answering my questions, even when you expect me to answer yours,” Aiden cocked a brow at his potential husband.

“Hmm,” Jean smiled coolly and slid his hands lightly to Aiden’s hips.

They had been back and forth on this all evening, since Jean had asked him over dinner. Aiden wasn’t deliberately being coy, it had just been unexpected.

They'd had dinner at one of Jean's favourite restaurants where they ate food that cost more than Aiden's monthly rent. And then back to Jean's office. Not because there was something he needed to do there, not because it was closer than his opulent apartment, but because sometimes he liked to take Aiden to the seat of his power. Literally.

This office was where Jean did his business, where he controlled the money of so many people. Earning himself a great deal in the process. More than Aiden could possibly imagine.

Though that had been the point.

When Aiden had first put out the ad almost a year ago he hadn't been sure what to expect and some of the responses had been horrific. But he had considered it worth the chance.

Gold Digger seeks Sugar Daddy.
I'm a starving student with a high sex drive, if you're a rich man looking for a boy to spoil, perhaps we might hit it off ;)

It had been up a week by the time Jean Duran replied. Le Chiffre, as he was known in the media - *the number* - as though he was himself a living equation. And having seen him make money with the flick of the wrist, Aiden couldn't say it was untrue.

He wasn't the first offer that had seemed serious, but it was the one that immediately spoke to Aiden. Something about the professional tone of the emails and the understanding and acceptance that Aiden would be using him as much as he was using Aiden. It felt like a mutually beneficial agreement rather than something sordid as it might have been.

Le Chiffre was very up front about having done his own research and found out all he could about Aiden and his circumstances before replying. And he was more than happy to spoil Aiden in return for his companionship.

His first message had ended with, "there will be a car to pick you up at 7. Wear something presentable."

Of course, Aiden didn't *have* to go down and get into that car. But he did. It had taken him to a restaurant where he met the man he'd received the message from only hours earlier. A man clearly used to having his own way and yet he knew there would be a give and take between them.

"This was meant to be a transaction, nothing more." Aiden grinned as he began to rock his hips in Jean's lap.

"I give you an income, and you pay with sex. Quite the transaction," Jean said with an amused hum.

"You make me sound like a whore," Aiden's tone didn't follow the harshness of the words.

"*My* whore," Jean purred, running a hand from Aiden's hip, up into his hair and pulling him into a kiss.

Aiden moaned into the kiss and began to rock faster, feeling their hard cocks pressed together, separated only by their smart dress pants.

When they had met on that first night, there had been an immediate connection and an undeniable attraction.

Le Chiffre had explained that he had no time, nor interest, in pursuing a relationship. But he wanted a companion, someone he could enjoy, in as many ways as he desired. In return, he would offer his companion a regular income to cover their expenses, and on top of that planned to spoil him with dinners and parties. And any other occasion he wanted to have someone on his arm.

The first time that Aiden had turned down one such evening, due to a project due that week at school, he had expected that to be the end of it. He hadn't expected Jean to be understanding and reasonable and ask for his school schedule so that he might better fit his own invitation acceptances around it.

Aiden had been clear from the beginning that he was happy for the arrangement to include sex. He'd even made that clear in his ad. He really did have a high sex drive, and in the clubs and bars wasn't always that discerning as long as he got off.

If someone wanted to pay in some way or another to fuck him, then that was on them. As far as he could tell it was pretty much a win/win situation if he found the right guy. And if he didn't, then he could just lay back and think of how much his rent cost whilst someone grunted and groaned on top of him.

Aiden had to admit that any concerns on that front had deserted him the moment he saw Le Chiffre. He was practically hard as soon as the man started talking in that sumptuous accent. And he knew Jean felt the same.

Jean had an incredibly poker face, but Aiden had discovered a tell, as they called it. And it was something he exploited, watching Jean's cool exterior crack and release the pent up passion within. Several times when that had happened he was sure Jean was going to tell Aiden that he loved him.

That feeling had started months ago and this thing between them seemed to get deeper and deeper. The connection between them had quickly moved beyond superficial. And Aiden found that he really liked Jean and enjoyed his company beyond the money factor.

The turning point had been a month earlier when Aiden had just stopped going back to his own little apartment off campus.

He was at Jean's place more often than not and finally Jean simply suggested he go and collect his things and give notice.

And Aiden hadn't hesitated.

He should have, he knew. He should have thought more about it, about this arrangement and where it would and wouldn't go. But he didn't because he liked Jean, this wasn't just a

beneficial agreement anymore. Even if neither of them had said it out loud, this was a relationship and there was love.

Since moving in full time everything had been perfect. A more domestic and gentle version of what had already been between them. An increase in those sweet, light touches, not just their hungry passion.

An increase in nights in Jean's bed and not in the beautifully furnished room he had given Aiden. An increase in moments spent just embracing with no expectation of sex.

Aiden had fallen in love with Jean first of all because of the way the man treated him. He wasn't Jean's whore, not in action. He was someone Jean revered and put on a pedestal. He had fallen in love with the way Jean took an interest in his interests and the way he booked trips for them to galleries all over the world that he knew Aiden would love to see.

He had fallen in love with his dry humour and nerdy ways hidden beneath the intimidating exterior.

He had fallen in love with his sugar daddy.

And though neither of them had said it aloud, Aiden was in no doubt that Jean loved him too. From the way he looked at Aiden and the way he slowly toyed with his hair as Aiden fell asleep in his arms.

The way they both ached when they were away from each other.

That much had been obvious this evening.

Jean had been away on business for a week. He often took Aiden with him for shorter trips, but Aiden had a project due and there was no way around it this time. So Aiden had waited, aching and missing Jean so much that even if he hadn't realised he loved him before, he surely would then.

In the late afternoon Jean had text telling Aiden to wear the navy blue Prada suit and his favourite plug, and be ready for the driver to collect him at seven.

Aiden's mouth had pulled into a smile at the reminder of their first meeting. At least the car pick-up, there had definitely been no prada suit or butt plug that first evening.

But the memories kept coming back as Aiden fingered and edged himself thinking about the welcome home he'd give his lover. Even more flooding back when he was driven to the same restaurant as that first *date* and shown to a table where Jean already sat.

It took everything in him not to throw himself into the man's lap. Jean wasn't one for overt physical affection. He would of course, absolutely torture Aiden every chance he got, teasing fingers over him when no one was looking. But he was aloof and not given to public displays of affection, which Aiden accepted.

Which had made it all the more strange when Jean had pulled Aiden into the booth next to him, sitting close and kissing his neck, rather than allowing Aiden to sit opposite.

Dinner had been intimate, and now Aiden was hard and every move against Jean's thigh jolted the plug enough to cause a zing of pleasure.

Aiden whimpered as Jean flicked open his fly and loosened his pants enough to run a hand into them and over Aiden's ass. As his fingers grazed over the plug Jean let out a low growl.

"Don't make me angry. Answer the question."

Aiden's breaths came out in desperate pants, as Jean's hands gripped his hips and held him still. He could feel how hard Jean was against him, but he was being denied.

A power play of sorts. One that they equal times won, though usually because the other deliberately gave in.

"Please," Aiden groaned, to which Jean let out a thoughtful hum and began to toy with the plug.

"Is this what you want? You want me to fuck you?"

"No," Aiden shook his head, trembling with need, "I want you to show me."

"Show you what?" Jean cocked his head.

"That you love me. Isn't that was this is all about?" Aiden nodded his head at the desk behind him. The first time they'd fucked it had been in this room, on that desk. Another first that Jean was having him revisit tonight.

Jean stilled, and if he were any other man he might have gasped. Time was frozen for a moment and Aiden knew he had pushed the man to a limit. But he'd had to, this was the time for it if there were to be any declarations. Jean had to declare it out loud and make himself vulnerable in that way before Aiden could reply.

"Aiden," Jean breathed out his name.

Aiden drew in a sharp breath as Jean stood and leaned forward, setting Aiden onto the purposefully cleared desk. He had fucked Aiden on that desk more times than Aiden could recall, and he had expected the same now.

But Jean didn't pull out the plug and begin fucking into him hard and rough. He didn't put him on his stomach and bend him over, thrusting deep until he came inside Aiden's ass.

Instead, in a practised motion, he slipped Aiden's trousers down and pushed his legs up enough to reveal the plug.

Jean was panting, sweating, and looking nervous for the first time Aiden had ever seen. And the vulnerability in that shook Aiden with the depth of the intimacy.

Jean opened his own fly and pulled out his hard cock, stroking it twice before turning his attention back to Aiden and gently easing the plug out of him.

Aiden wasn't sure where it had gone, his mind buzzing from the pleasure of stretching around the plug's girth, and then to the blunt cockhead pressed against him.

Aiden groaned, his eyes rolling as Jean pushing slowly in.

They were never normally this gentle in the office, the first place they'd ever had sex, after their third meeting. It was usually hard and fast and it drove Aiden wild.

But this was something else.

As he pushed inside, Jean moved over him, holding Aiden's gaze as he began to rock into him.

"I love you, Aiden," Jean muttered the words for the first time with a wavering control on his emotions. "I love you," he murmured again, lowering his lips to play over Aiden's neck.

"Jean," Aiden moaned, going lax and letting Jean hold him and gently fuck him.

They were both breathless and sweaty as Jean increased his pace little by little. Not the usual hard fucking this desktop had seen, but still chasing the friction they both needed.

"Oh, there… there…" Aiden groaned as Jean pegged his prostate. "I'm so close."

Jean's response was simply to nod as he then rested his forehead against Aiden's shoulder and continued to thrust. It felt like his whole body was wrapped around Aiden's, clinging to him like his life depended on it.

"Fuck," Aiden muttered as his climax suddenly crept up on him. Every thrust felt exquisite as his balls drew tight and he was suddenly spilling between them.

His ass tightened, his whole body shuddering through the release and causing Jean to grunt and force himself through the tightening muscles. He pushed deep, his mouth all over Aiden's neck and jaw as he finally came deep inside him.

When Jean collapsed onto him, Aiden pushed a hand up into the now mussy hair and threaded his fingers through the strands that had fallen forward.

"I love you…" Aiden replied, shaking and all the more so because he could feel that Jean was as well. "And yes, to answer your earlier question, I will marry you."

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